THE PILGRIM

OF

OUR LADY OF MARTYRS

XVIII. YEAR. SEPTEMBER, 1902. NO. 9.

A MEMORABLE DAY IN AURIESVILLE.

SUNDAY, August 24, the day to which the clients of Our Lady of Martyrs had looked forward with such eager anticipation, was in every way a memorable one in the history of the Shrine. For earnestness of devotion, the multitude of pilgrims, the dignity of ceremonials, the presence of his Lordship, the Right Reverend Thomas M. A. Burke, Bishop of the diocese of Albany, and of so many of the clergy who have at various times helped to make this Shrine worthy of its August Patron, rendered this dedication of the beautiful statue of our Sorrowing Mother and the offering of the golden crown a source of happy memories to those who witnessed it and a reward for the devotedness and faith of those who have trusted that this hallowed spot would become a shrine worthy of our Lady's especial complacency.

Notwithstanding the manifold difficulties that at times were indeed discouraging, all was in readiness for the beautiful ceremony. The new shrine, with its graceful proportions and harmony of pillars and capitals and cornice and dome, was sufficiently advanced to offer protection to its treasure. The statue, surrounded by masses of fern and palm and flowers, already occupied its place beneath the dome.

Never before had pilgrims from so many different places met at Auriesville. The pilgrimage organized by Reverend Father Murray, of Saugerties, brought pilgrims from Poughkeepsie, Kingston, Saugerties, Catskill, Hudson and other places along the Hudson. It required nineteen cars to bring the pilgrims from Albany, swelled as their number was by many pilgrims

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from Troy, who, in spite of the fact that the Troy pilgrimage had taken place but a week before, were not willing to let this opportunity of paying especial honor to the Queen of Martyrs pass unused. From Amsterdam came Father Gorski, with his devout congregation of Poles; many others also came from this city on the regular train, on the various pilgrim trains, in carriages, on bicycles, and even on foot. Johnstown and Fonda were well represented; in fact, the number of those who came in carriages from the neighboring towns was beyond all previous record. It was especially remarked that our neighbors of this section of the valley, many of them gentlemen of influence and standing, almost all of them not of the faith, were there with members of their families and followed the exercises with marked attention and respect. Devout clients of our Lady came also from New York City, from Philadelphia and from Boston. The priests present were: Rev. John J. Wynne, S.J.; Rev. Thomas Campbell, S.J.; Rev. F. X. Brady, S.J.; Rev. Henry Van Rensselaer, S.J.; Rev. D. T. O'Sullivan, S.J.; Rev. J. F. O'Donovan, S.J.; Rev. Charles Lamb, S.J.; Rev. Fathers Schoppe and Henrich, of Schenectady; Father Driscoll, of Fonda; Rev. Father Dolan, of Johnstown; Rev. Father Murray, of Saugerties; Rev. Father Gorski, of Amsterdam, and Rev. Father Gilmartin, of New York.

As the different pilgrimages arrived they were marshalled into line by Father Denis O'Sullivan, S.J., and led up the hill to the chapel where, owing to the large number of priests that were present, masses were being said from early morning until within a few minutes of noon. There was an orderliness, a seriousness, an earnestness of devotion manifested by all that was edifying and impressive and made one feel that our Lady must indeed look down with love on these men and women and children who came thus to honor her.

Holy communion was distributed to more than 1,000 persons. This and the numerous Masses occupied the whole morning until after twelve o'clock. It was then announced that the stations of the cross would be made at two o'clock and that at three o'clock the ceremonies connected with the blessing of the statue would commence. The interval was occupied by

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lunch and visits to the ravine. Some even made the stations in groups of two or three.

Promptly at the hour announced, the cross bearer and acolytes, followed by two of the Fathers, left the chapel to begin the Way of the Cross. Touching as this exercise of devotion always is, the sight of this vast throng, recollected and devout, listening attentively to the description of our Saviour's sufferings, seeming verily as they toiled up the hill as though, they were walking in His very footsteps and praying aloud with sincere fervor, gave to that day's devotions an impressiveness that affected many even to tears.

At last the hour for the great ceremony of the day had arrived, for the great act of veneration and homage that had brought this multitude together at the feet of our Lady of Martyrs. From the chapel on the brow of the hill, preceded by the cross bearer and alcolytes and thurifers, by the priests in surplice, attended by his chaplains, the Right Reverend Bishop, with cope and mitre and crosier, blessing the people as he passed, walked in solemn procession to the beautiful new shrine of our Lady.

There on its massive pedestal of whitest marble rested the statue of the dead Son and the martyr Mother, the Son with a kingly dignity in His calm face on which still rests the shadow of His awful passion, the Mother supporting Him against her knee and bending over Him a face full of sympathy, of tender love, of repressed anguish that will fill the mind of the onlooker and occupy his imagination for many a long day after. That the statue is beautiful beyond all anticipation has been the oft-repeated comment heard among the pilgrims.

Before the Pietà, resting on a rich cushion of velvet and gold, lay the crown of thorns, the offering of the devoted friends of the shrine and loyal children of the Queen of Martyrs. Of massive gold, in which are set precious rubies, red as blood, it is a token whose beauty appeals to us more strongly the longer we look on it and the further we get away from our preconceived notions as to what form the crown that pierced the Sacred Head must in reality have had.

When the procession had come to the shrine the Right Rev-

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erend Bishop seated himself at the Gospel side of the altar and Reverend Father Campbell, S.J., arose to deliver the discourse. As if our Lady wished to give some little token of Her pleasure, the sun, which until that moment had been beating down almost mercilessly upon us, was shaded by a cloud that protected the people as they stood in semi-circles thirty-five deep to listen to the eloquent words that fell from the lips of the orator. Father Campbell's sermon on the Kingship of Christ, suggested by the crown that was the object of our offering, on the extent of Christ's sway, on the real character of it and the strength and the courage and the consolation that we should derive from the consideration of it, needs no comment; indeed, the very best comment is found in the rapt attention with which every sentence of it was followed, and in the straining eagerness of those at some distance not to lose a word that was said.

When Father Campbell had concluded, the ceremony of blessing the statue and the crown was performed by the Bishop, and the crown was laid in solemn offering at the feet of our Blessed Mother. It was held in place by a golden chain passed about the wrist of the statue of our Saviour.

After this blessing, simple, as are all the ceremonies of Holy Church, yet borrowing much of their impressiveness and even sublimity from this very simplicity, Bishop Burke arose to say a few well-chosen and pious words to the pilgrims: "Not the material wealth of the gold and gems gives value to this offering, but being the most precious things in the material world they are the best symbols of the most precious things of the soul, the deep devotion and loyalty of our human hearts."

And here we cannot refrain from expressing our admiration for this zealous and pious prelate, whose presence and active coöperation did so much to make this day a memorable one. Coming as a pilgrim with the others from Albany, he absolutely refused to allow any special accommodation to be prepared for him on the train; he took his seat among the other pilgrims and went from car to car during the journey to say a kind word to all whom he met. His Lordship came fasting, as he wished to say mass at the shrine. While there he spared himself no

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fatigue and insisted on giving with his own hand more than five hundred communions. All day long he went about among the people, and the confidence that all evidently repose in him and the love they openly manifested for him whenever he appeared among them, was one of the most edifying spectacles of a day that was so full of things impressive and edifying.

Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament was given by the Bishop and the day's ceremonies were concluded.

The pilgrimages departed in the order in which they had arrived : first those who had come by the regular train, then the pilgrims from Amsterdam, next those from Albany and finally those from the towns along the Hudson. Not until all were comfortably seated in their cars did the rain, which had threatened for some time, begin to fall abundantly.

It was a day which nature and the devotion of men and the favor of heaven seemed to combine to make a noteworthy and a blessed one.

CROWN OF THORNS.

[The sermon preached at Auriesville by the Rev. T. J. Campbell, S.J., Sunday, August 24th, on the occasion of the blessing of the new statue and offering of the crown of thorns in gold.]

WHY do we bring here to-day the tribute of a gold and jewelled crown? Because we have nothing better. Is there anything richer than gold? Anything more precious than gems? If there be, we would and should use it for our offering. But there is not. And even if there were, it could never approach in value the crown whose beauty, whose glory and whose significance we commemorate to-day. Not all the gold that ever glittered in the sands of mountain streams or is yet undug in the mountain depths could fashion a crown to be at all compared to the rude and hurried one of common branches which was bound around the brows of the Saviour. Not all the jewels that ever flashed on earthly diadems, or still lie buried in the impenetrable rocky bases of the earth, could ever equal the glory and splendor of the crimson drops that dripped from the sharp thorns of this instrument of pain. They

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had welled up from the broken Heart and were part of the priceless Blood of Jesus Christ.

There never was a crown, or a crowning, or a king such as this effigy in metal and in marble endeavors partially to portray.

We are familiar with coronations. For months past we have been watching the preparations for the gorgeous ceremonial of the crowning of a representative of a royal race. We have been startled, as all the world has been, by the shadow of death which so unexpectedly darkened the splendor of the scene that was preparing, and from afar we have witnessed the completion of it, when with all the pomp and magnificence which earthly pride could suggest, with the remnants of a ritual kept from a religion which his ancestors had rejected, in the most sacred shrine that England possesses, the golden circlet symbolical of kingly dignity and power was taken from an altar whereon the Sacrifice of the Body and Blood of Christ had centuries ago been offered, and with many ceremonies and presentations which have long since lost their sacramental significance, was placed on the royal brows by the hands of one who was thought to be the highest spiritual dignitary of the realm.

It was right; it was proper. For the man who was chosen from among others to be king represented in this instance a kingdom whose imperial power stretches back through long and turbulent but glorious centuries, a dominion whose realms extend from the vast continent in the far-off southern seas to the regions on the north of us which border the unnavigable wastes of the frozen ocean; a nation whose formidable navies are on every sea; whose rich argosies laden with precious freight are in every port, whose gold and treasures are seemingly exhaustless; whose ambition to extend its limits is sometimes challenged but never completely checked; and whatever our judgment about its policy or justice may be, there can be no doubt that the influence which it wields by its statesmanship, its literature, its wealth, and even its religion, has been more than stupendous in shaping the manifold destinies of the modern world. It is proper, therefore, that one who typifies, expresses and emphasizes all these national glories should be gloriously crowned.

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But he is only one of many who have been so honored. There have been rulers, for example, like those of ancient Rome, who not only governed separate portions of the world, but to whom every known part of it was subject. There have been emperors whose word or nod was enough to make or devastate entire nations and races; who wielded an imperial sway which for its extent, its relentless absolutism as well as its splendor was until then undreamed of; who were the centres of a civilization which embodied all that the previous civilizations of Egypt and Nineveh and Persia and Greece had achieved; who were surrounded by such glories of philosophy, literature and art as to make of the age by the lustre which was shed upon it the golden era of intellectual culture and refinement, and besides all that whose mighty military armaments traversed every highway of the world; whose boundless treasures flowed in constant streams from every part of the earth for the indulgence of imperial luxury or the advancement of imperial power, and who, dazzled by the magnificence and majesty and might of it all, aspired to be divinities and were accorded honors which are given to God alone.

But how trivial and insignificant is all that human ambition could ever covet or conceive when compared with the kingship of Jesus Christ. Not merely all the kingdoms of the world but all the limits of earth are given to Him as an inheritance; not merely every representative of the human race, for "He illumineth every man that cometh into this world," but all animate and inanimate things do His bidding; "He calleth to the stars and they say: here am I;" not merely all who are upon earth but "all who are in heaven, or earth, or hell shall bend the knee at the mention of His name." As when He walked among men in His brief earthly apparition and the sea grew still at His command, the darkened eye was illumined, the withered limbs waxed strong and the grave gave up its dead, so now all nature is subject to His sway and proclaims His kingly majesty and power. Here in this usually peaceful valley you have sometimes witnessed the fierce storms sweeping across the sky; you have trembled at the pealing thunder and shuddered at the lightning flash. It is the King

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passing in His might. You have seen, as we did a week ago, the rainbow of the clouds, not merely spanning the heavens, but enveloping in its iridescent splendor the hill and the valley and the stream as with a vesture, and then slowly gathering into the distant east give way to the sunburst that touched all the landscape and the clouds above as with burnished gold. It was only the hem of the royal robe of Him who ruleth all, a glimpse of which it was vouchsafed us to see. Or perhaps you have looked upon the ocean and heard the roar of the tempest as the billows flung themselves in white foam against the darkened sky; it was "the voice of the Lord upon the waters." Or you have stood, perchance, upon some mountain peak and gazed into the illimitable blue, or felt the ecstasy of the myriads of brilliant luminaries glorifying the sky at night and making it, if possible, more beautiful than the day; you were only looking at the pavement of the heavenly court, where the King of glory reigns more radiant than a million suns. They are all His. The hills and the mountains and the valleys, the rivers and forests, the birds that fill the skies with music, the fishes that flash in the sea, all living things that are in the depths of the earth or roam over its surface, or float unseen in the air, have only one purpose and end and object, that namely, which the inspired psalmist sung thousands of years ago to the music of His quivering harp strings, and that is to bless the name of the Lord. His is not a kingdom of limited space. He is the Ruler of all; His is not a dominion whose beginning we can note in time. "Before the day star, was He begotten in the splendor of holiness, when He was constituted a king upon Mt. Sion; His is not a kingdom of a few fleeting years, 'for heaven and earth shall pass away, but His word will not pass away. His kingdom is unto everlasting. His is not a divinity that pride and folly has conceived, but though a Man like unto us, He is God of God, true God of true God by whom and in whom and through whom all things were made, Jesus Christ yesterday, to-day and forever."

Not only is He a King but He is the King of kings and the Lord of lords. A king's majesty perishes when you flout and

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buffet him; when you pluck his sceptre from his grasp, when you bind him in chains and overwhelm him with agony and pain. These things a king will die to avoid. Jesus Christ died to make them His own and to transmute them from signs of ignominy into emblems of triumph. When amid the unspeakable horrors of the night in the guard room, the soldiers spat upon Him with scorn, when they tied his hands with cords, when with their sticks and their iron-covered fists they beat down the cruel crown upon His head, when they led him out in mockery of royalty to hear His people revile and repudiate Him, when they not only bound Him but nailed Him to a gibbet which they gave Him for a throne with His title to kingship fastened above Him, they only prepared for Him new titles to glory and enabled Him to make what dishonors and destroys a king, new motives for His subjects to venerate Him, and more efficacious means for extending more widely and more powerfully His kingdom among men. For not all the glory that shone upon His transfigured body on Mt. Thabor is comparable to the splendor which radiates from His crown of thorns and from the ignominy and pains which His enemies put upon Him. Nay, not all the glory of the Godhead appeals to the hearts of men whom He came to conquer as the bleeding brow which His coronet had pierced and the bleeding hands and feet by which "He led captivity captive," "Christ reigneth from the tree."

What is the purport of all this? Is it merely to call up before our minds the picture of the royalty of Christ in order to produce feelings of wonder and admiration? If it were so, would not that be sufficient? Would not the vision of such a king, if we could keep it constantly before our eyes, ensure the tenderest loyalty and most devoted service? Is it not, in fact, incumbent upon us, as the Sovereign Pontiff has recently reminded us, to preach the Kingship of Christ in these days of ours which not only scoff at His right to rule, but which deny His divinity, and degrade Him, if they consider Him at all, into a mere teacher or benefactor, blasphemously coupling His holy name with wretched, vile and contemptible creatures like Buddha, Confucius and even the impure Mohammed?

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But this is not the principal sentiment which this commemoration of the closing scenes of the Passion is intended to evoke. It is rather to help us to penetrate more profoundly, or if we are not Catholics, to help us to solve, it may be for the first time, the mystery which has always perplexed the world, viz.: the mystery of sin and its consequent mystery of sorrow and pain.

The catastrophes which desolate the earth, the famines, wars and pestilences and whatever else is included in the universal doom of intellectual, moral and physical disease and death, is sin ; not in itself, indeed, but in its necessary and unescapable consequences. But before us, in the representation of the dead Christ we have its truest and completest expression. Here it is seen assailing the Lord God of majesty and glory, trampling Him down with hatred, under the feet of the vilest and most abominable of human creatures; an outrage not restricted to that particular Good Friday, but unfortunately perpetrated at every moment of time. It is clear that an act of such infinite atrocity demands an equivalent, that is to say, an infinite reparation. It is either that, or the everlasting damnation of the entire human race. In other words, it is the satisfaction for an infinite crime committed against the majesty of the Most High God by His creatures. But justice is never satisfied except by a complete and equivalent penalty of some kind or other inflicted on the criminal. Therefore must we suffer. Moreover, this paying of the penalty of our transgressions, this atonement for sin is a war against the powers of evil which are threatening to destroy us. Can we expect to be other than battered and bruised in any war which we engage in, or which we are compelled by circumstances to enter? It is a storming of the gates of heaven, which sin has shut against us. Can we imagine that in such an undertaking we shall not be asked to forego worldly advantages, worldly comforts, worldly pleasures, when our aim is to gain and make our own, all that heaven contains? From the lips of Jesus Christ we have it that "we must suffer in order to enter the kingdom of heaven."

Such then is the answer to the problem, such the solution

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of the mystery. Suffering is necessary, is just, is inevitable, and it was to reveal that truth to us, to impress it as deeply as possible on our hearts, that the Son of God assumed our human nature, and because He assumed also the sins of mankind, leaped into the deepest abyss of ignominy and suffering into which it was possible to descend. Capable of the greatest pain, and paying the greatest penalty (for everything He did was of infinite value), He bound the cruel crown of thorns upon His brow and bade all His followers, who would win the crown of glory, to imitate His example.

From that crown of thorns therefore the light flashes. It penetrates the gloom of despondency and despair with which we are sometimes surrounded. It not only clears up the mystery of sorrow by showing us its necessity, but it even helps us to appreciate the blessing that is conferred on us by enabling us, through our union with Jesus Christ, to cancel our debt, and for a little suffering to gain a happiness that can know no limitation or reach no end.

By that light we seize the significance of this representation of the Mother of Sorrows who takes the crown of thorns in her stainless hands as her Son lies all mangled and disfigured in her lap. We can appreciate, to some extent at least, how He would have this glorious woman, His own dearest mother, and ours, upon whom the shadow of sin had never fallen, this woman whom the Holy Scriptures depicts as clothed with the sun and with a diadem of stars upon her head, who is the ideal of all that is pure and radiant in humanity, who is the fair dream of painters and sculptors of every age in their imperfect and vain endeavors to portray her beauty upon living canvas or in speaking marble, we can, I say, by the light of Christ's agony, solve the mystery of how He has permitted, nay, how He has wished that while she pressed her blood-stained lips to His gaping wounds and bathed them with her streaming tears, she should have the whole sea of sorrow dash against her breaking heart and feel as no one else could feel, mother and saint as she was, the agony which her beloved Son had suffered. She was coöperating with Him as no one else could in the redemption of the world and winning for her crown of thorns her resplendent crown of glory.

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By it we can understand why millions of martyrs suffered death in every horrible form, though a word or a gesture or a look, might have averted it, and won for them instead, all that earthly honor and riches and pleasure could bestow.

We can understand why upon this blood-stained hill during fourteen months of frightful torture, Father Jogues could linger among the savage men who seemed to be transformed to demons; how he could have suffered his flesh to be slashed and devoured before his eyes; his fingers to be eaten off his body; to writhe in agony on the ground to which he was fastened while living coals were heaped upon him; to shiver naked in the winter blasts, and after his deliverance to come again to receive the blow of the tomahawk that ended his sufferings. It was the way that God had appointed for him to enter into glory. An awful way, it is true, but his understanding and will were made equal to the task.

We can understand the otherwise inexplicable problem of the poor and the wretched and the outcast, who are flung into the foul slums of our great cities, or sheltered in the hospital wards or asylums, when their weary life draws to a close. We can understand also our own sufferings and disappointments and humiliations and poverty, the desertion and betrayal of friends, the persecutions of enemies, the desolation and discouragement of sickness and old age, and the appalling disaster of death. To us they are explicable and supportable, to others without faith they are expressions of God's cruelty and lead to suicide and despair.

And with it all comes another revelation, the revelation of our own nobility, our own kingliness. We are not as the false teachers of the present day would have us be, mere matter acted upon and influenced irresistibly by what has preceded or by what is actually surrounding us. We are possessed of immortal souls; we have a mind that can know, and a free and indomitable will that can execute what the mind sees is right. We are surrounded in myriad ways by an all encompassing and lovable Providence of God; we are associated with all that has existed or exists now on earth or in heaven, of the noblest and purest of the human race; we are accompanied on our way and aided in our battle by the countless armies of the angelic hosts; we are consecrated

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as kings in the Sacraments; we are nourished and strengthened by the Blood of Jesus Christ; nay when our poor bodies succumb to the stroke of death, they are brought like the remains of conquerors before the sanctuary of God, surrounded by flaring torches, shrouded in clouds of fragrant incense, laved with blessed water, and with holy rites and ceremonies laid in ground that no profane thing can desecrate. And above all we have ever before us the well founded hope that glows like a blessed vision to the eyes of faith, of the time when amid the unimaginable glories of heaven, surrounded by the countless hierarchies of angelic spirits, and the exulting multitudes of martyrs and confessors and virgins who are crowned with their diadems of light and waving their triumphant palms, near the bright throne of the ever Blessed Mother we shall look upon the countenance of Jesus Christ; shall behold the crown of thorns no longer an instrument of torture, but adding new glory to the heavenly courts; we shall feel the touch of His hands, and hear the celestial music of His voice as He pronounces the words of triumph and bids us reign with Him for ever in the Kingdom which His suffering has enabled us to win. For our crown of thorns "He will give us our crown of glory."

MARY OBEDIENT.

A LILY-FLOWER she was, white, slight and fair,
And gracious as the lily, bending low
As lilies bend before the winds that blow
Across our gardens when eve chills the air;
One—and One only—knew her sweetness rare,
One and One only could her sweetness know,
For, near her heart had rested in Love's glow
The Infant God, to find all solace there.

Pure as the falling snow! What snow so pure?
Pure as the morning dewdrop! Who can say
That ought of earth could be so pure as she?
All symbols fail; mere words can not endure
The strain of mystic meaning; on a day,
She, to the Temple, carried doves and purity.

—MAURICE FRANCIS EGAN.

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THE BIRDS OF THE MADONNA.

BABY MARIA RONDINELLA opened her eyes in a poor little cottage outside the Milanese Porta Romana. It was in the end of May; the swallows had come back; they were wheeling overhead in thousands, darting down among the rice-fields where the baby's father and mother worked, and from whence rose the thick, white mists winter and summer; all the air resounded to the shrill, tuneful music of their screams.

Giorgio and Giulia had always worked among the rice, though the pay was small; they both suffered from rheumatism, too, growing prematurely old; but they could not change their lives, so they did the work to the best of their ability. They had another child, "Stella," who took the new *bambina* to her motherly five-year-old heart at once. It was the month of the Madonna, so they called it Maria, adding Rondinella, after Our Lady's own birds, the swallows, whose beautiful satin waistcoats and tailcoats were flashing in the clear skies.

Stella was a pretty child, fair hair and dark eyes, with a sunny, rosebud mouth. Rondinella was a graver, speculative-looking baby, of a type you may so often see in Ireland, blue-eyed with dark curls. From the day when Giulia bound her with the yards of narrow linen which they call *fascie,* laid her on a pillow and carried her to the open door, she gazed at the blue sky where the swallows were skimming. Then they said:

"She knows them; she is their sister, little Rondinella."

At length the nests were empty, the birds were ready to depart; by now she could clap her tiny hands and coo to them. When they flew away she wept.

The bleak winter of North Italy was gone; the swallows came back, but the cottage was a sad home now. Giorgio had died of fever in April, so only the desolate widow with her helpless babes were left. The *fattore* of the estate they worked on had interested himself so much in their case that he got Stella elected to the Milanese Orphanage of Stelline, where she would be educated and taught a business or trade, set out in

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life, and, if she married, would receive a thousand francs as a dowry for linen and clothes.

Giulia herself had been offered a situation in the *fattore's* own house, so there only remained the baby, Maria Rondinella. The mother's heart was half broken at parting with her, but as her three sisters and only relatives, who kept a café on the Lake of Como, had offered to give the child a home and so provide for her, she had to submit to the separation.

"The Holy Virgin keep you both," wept the poor woman as she packed their few belongings; for this was their last night in the cottage where Giorgio had died. The baby sat in a low chair at the door, watching the swallows flying in the red sunset, and holding out her tiny hands and crying:

"*Rondini, bei rondini*," while the elder child clung to the mother with many sobs, for she understood that after this night she would live with her no more. On the morrow the new tenants took possession, the little family now being scattered and settled in their new homes.

This story has to do with Rondinella. Her three aunts, the "Signorine Courti," known as the "*Tre Sorelli*," or as the "Three Graces" or "Three Furies," were all kindly, hot-tempered, ugly old maids. The Café had been their father's before them, and they did a fair business in an old-fashioned way, holding a government license for *tobacco* also.

Zia Amalia, the best tempered, let the baby do pretty much as she liked, Zia Elena was much stricter as became the eldest and head of the house, while Zia Quillina, being the gossip of the family, only pounced down upon the child when she was not watching the entire village street from the Café door, or retailing the latest news to her sisters and other friends. Among them all Rondinella ran a fair chance of being spoiled, for they loved her, were proud of her very pretty little plump person and serious blue eyes. Later on they were delighted with her success at school, for she was very quick, learning French easily and even a little English, to say nothing of her knowledge of the *real* meaning of the Latin prayers in church.

Every year the *fattore's* wife gave Giulia a week's holiday, and she came down to Como from Milan in the "Tramvia

Economica," to see her daughter. The years rolled by, and now Rondinella was fourteen, the prettiest girl in the village, rather too grave and old for her age, some thought, though that might have come from living with the three aunts. She was of a thoughtful nature. Stella had finished her education, and had been placed with a noble family as a lace ironer and embroideress at Monza. There she met with an undergardener of the king's palace, to whom she became engaged, for one of the Stelline need never go without a husband should she be inclined to marry, for between the dowry they will have, the education, and the good character they bear, they are much sought after. Stella told her mother, Giulia, and she cried for joy.

"Mamma mia, you shall come and live with us here in Monza, you shall work no more. Tonio will be glad, he has no mother, *poverino.*"

In the meantime the sister grew up to womanhood on the lovely shores of Como, becoming more and more necessary to the "Three Graces" as they grew older and uglier. She helped Zia Amalia in the tobacco shop, Zia Elena counted on her assistance in the kitchen, while Zia Quillina could hardly spare the time to do her own business, which was the keeping in order of the Café, or minding that of everybody else. So Rondinella, her schooling finished, was busy enough. She had many admirers, but seemed indifferent to all, at least as lovers. She had, however, one firm friend, a fine looking lad, the doctor's youngest son, Leopoldo della Torre. In their school days he had been her protector, when they grew older her cavalier on every village *festa,* and when he had been marched off, a disconsolate conscript, two years ago, Rondinella had cried bitterly—feeling that life held but little for her now. Poldo wrote very often to her; the descriptions of cities he had seen interested her and made her long to travel. He had served his three years, was coming home in the summer, and was to resume his studies as an electrical engineer in Milan. His father and mother did not in the least approve of his affection for the orphan in the Café, though they admitted she was dutiful, quiet, and clever, but they looked higher for Poldo than

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the portionless niece of the "Tre Sorelli," it being well known that they could give her but little when she married. He was now nineteen; she just two years younger.

A good many young men from Como and the hotels had begun to drop in of an evening to the Café, and although Zia Quillina served them and had all the news out of them in a jiffy, they usually managed to have a little talk with Rondinella. There was an extremely handsome Florentine; he acted as majordomo for a great family who had a villa on the Lake, when they stayed three or four months in the summer, until it was the fashionable time to go to the sea baths on the Lido, where they owned a home on the shores of the blue Adriatic. This young man seemed to fascinate the girl, who had done no more than speak to any one since Poldo had left. She liked to hear the pure Tuscan tripping from his tongue, his imitations of the Venetian gondoliers, his tales of London and Paris, wherein he himself figured as the hero very often. His name was Enrico Tullo; his master the Marchese Sforzi, trusted him with everything; the Marchesa thought nothing could be done without him; the Marchesini adored him. They paid him well, he dressed like a gentleman with very good taste, and smoked the best cigars the Café people could sell. So when he began to pay such attention to the girl her three Aunts were more than flattered, saying "What a handsome couple they are, *per Bacco*." But there was something about Rico that didn't quite ring true, for all his grace and adroit flattering, sometimes the child wondered about him in her own heart. One may be sure that the doctor's wife gave her son all the news, which drove Leopoldo distracted, until he beat his head on the bare white walls of the "Caserma" or barracks where he was in Rome.

"In three months," he cried, "I shall be free—and then—"

It was the day of Corpus Domini. In the morning the windows and balconies had all been gaily draped and filled with spectators to see the procession pass. In the pageant (now suppressed by the law in Italian cities, but still allowed in the country districts) were nearly all the village children, representing the saints, etc. There was St. John, with his wayward

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little lamb, led by a baby in sheepskins, who had to have an acolyte told off to attend to them both; Santa Maria Maddelena in pomp, with looking-glass and beautiful long train; the same in penitence, with bare feet and a nun's habit; St. Peter with the keys; St. Ursula attended by virgins; and half a hundred other saints. Also groups of angels and cherubs, then priests carrying the Host, in magnificent vestments, under a splendid canopy. It was now the afternoon; Maria Rondinella sat in her new muslin frock, near her Aunt Amalia, when Enrico Tullo entered the cool, dark tobacco shop. It was to ask the three aunts for their consent to his marriage with their niece. So they were formally engaged. Zia Quillina, in a trice, dressed herself in her best, and very soon the village was ringing with the news. Then was the doctor's wife glad at heart. Every one was smiling; only Rondinella herself was grave; she loved him very much, certainly, and would have been terribly hurt if he had not spoken; but there was something—— Is a lover always what a girl wishes exactly? He was not so forgetful as poor Poldo; he bragged to the "Three Graces" about the home he would give her, how he would bring her home to see them every year, making light of her want of a dowry, even turning that to his own glorification.

"I have enough for us both," he laughed; and indeed he was for the moment madly in love with Rondinella's dark blue eyes and the admiration for himself that shone out from them. He was a devoted lover, and in the still summer evenings, amid the scent of roses and songs of nightingales, all Rondinella's fears vanished and she was perfectly happy.

Then Poldo came home, not very tall, but straight and broad, with a fine bronze color in his cheeks. He had schooled himself to forget, even going the length of being friendly to Enrico. It was early in September. The two young men went one morning with a gun apiece to shoot some *uccelli* for the polenta at midday. There was to be a little feast in the Café, for the Marchese's household left on the morrow. When they returned the young majordomo was evidently out of temper.

"Corpo di Bacco, the luck was with Poldo," he cried, throwing down the almost empty bag on the marble table before

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him. Leopoldo drew out of this about a dozen plump little birds, which he handed to the girl in silence.

"But I have shot some small ones," continued Rico, "we will skin them and make thee a collarette with the breasts, *carina.*" And he shook his bag, tumbling out a heap of tiny bodies with black rumpled feathers and white satin waistcoats. Rondinella absolutely screamed.

"Dio mio, hadst thou the heart to shoot the Madonna's birds? I will never forgive thee, never!"

She rushed out of the Café, and left the two men looking at each other.

"I told you," said Poldo slowly, "you did wrong, they are her little sisters."

"Such superstition is ridiculous," snapped the other.

"It may be, but it is not to Rondinella. Besides no luck follows any one who shoots the swallows, we all believe that round here."

Before the girl's anger was over, Enrico had vanished; but he came back later on and pleaded his ignorance, professing such penitence that she forgave him. He was leaving to-morrow too.

"Thou wilt write, Amor mio?" he whispered, kissing her farewell.

"*Sicuro*, Rico, and thou?"

"I will think of my bird until we build our nest together in the spring."

Enrico was gone. Then the swallows flew away and the bleak winds whistled again down the mountains. Poldo was in Milan. At Christmas when he came home his heart ached for Rondinella, she had grown so thin and pale. Enrico's letters were few and short; but he always spoke of the home he was getting ready for "Pasqua."

Just before the Carnival, Poldo went with his master to Rome, where an electric novelty was being exhibited. Lent had hardly begun, when he stood in the door of the tobacco shop where the girl sat sewing alone. She looked up, her heart almost ceasing to beat, for she had asked him to see Enrico; there he stood with a troubled face, while his downcast eyes would not meet her own.

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"Madre Mia," she cried, "what is it, Poldo?"

On her listening ears his answer fell like lead. Just three words.

"He is married."

Poverina!

That was some years ago. Rondinella has long been Leopoldo's happy wife, they have a little villa with a roof, Swiss fashion, of pointed eaves. There the swallows come every year, filling the clear air with their joyous cries.

Giulia has almost forgotten the bitter days of her youth, resting in the peaceful eventide now with one, now with the other of her daughters. And Enrico Tullo. They say he came to no good in the end, but what can be expected of one who wantonly took the blessed little lives of the "Birds of the Madonna?"

MRS. MARY MACALPINE.

THE ROYAL WAY OF THE CROSS.

(*Continued*).

THE TWELFTH STATION.

JESUS DIES.

JESUS hung suspended on the cross, His blood falling drop by drop, and His life was being slowly spent. The Jews were gloating over His approaching death. Mary was there, still erect, her eyes fixed upon her Son. John, standing like her, and like her, overwhelmed with sorrow. Magdalen, fallen to her knees, her two arms embracing the wood of the cross, amid her sobs and her tears withdrew not her lips from the lacerated feet of her divine Master. Toward midday the heavens become darkened, baneful, livid, night envelops the earth. Jesus feels that His hour has come. "Mother," He says to Mary, in a tone of inexpressible tenderness, "Mother, behold your son, henceforth," and His eyes rested on John, His well-beloved. Then addressing Himself to John, "Behold your Mother!" And as if He wanted to condescend a last time to human weakness: "O, My Father, He cried,

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looking up to heaven, O, My Father, why have you forsaken Me!" But recovering Himself quickly in His divine power, "All is now accomplished," He said, and with a loud voice He uttered the cry "My Father, into Thy Hands I commend My spirit," then He bowed His head, and died.

In the temple, suddenly, from the top even to the bottom, the great veil was rent. The earth was shaken to its very depths, as if it were about to perish. The rocks were split and the bones of the dead put on their flesh. A great curtain of blood passed before the sun.

"Ah!" cried out the trembling centurion in command of the cohort: "it was true then, this was the Son of God!" and he went away striking his breast.

His soldiers follow him; then the Jewish people, satisfied, all that crowd disappeared little by little, concealing its terror under the restless mask of a sardonic smile; and there remained at the side of the dead body, Mary, John, and Magdalen.

When the throng of people had gone, two other women approached, who until now had remained aloof: Mary, the mother of James, and Salome, the mother of John.

Together, silent and desolate, before that cross whereon hung the Master, they began the death watch.

* * * * * * *

Death! God has submitted to it. We must submit to it; perhaps it is not far off; perhaps we already bear its germs in in our breasts; perhaps it has already set its mark on our brow.

To die! To die! I, too, even I, must die. That word sounds hard to the ear of man! And yet he must die. "Man's days are as grass, as the flower of the field so shall he flourish—*Homo sicut fœnum dies ejus, tanquam flos agri sic efflorebit.*" (1)

Whence comes that dread with which death inspires us? We live altogether by means of our senses in this world; it is through them that our thoughts come to us, it is through them that our affections are nourished and our desires aroused. Our

(1) Ps. cii, 15.

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whole life, thenceforward, even supposing it innocent, is peopled with material and sensible objects; we see only them, we love only them. Death arouses us, snatches us cruelly from this world of sense; it separates us forever from it. You can understand now how cruel it is to us!

But why are we so much attached to passing things? Do we not know that we must leave them some day, and depart without them?

God has set the seal of death on every creature. He wished that everything should warn us of its disastrous frailty. The flowers fade before our eyes, the fruits fall, the trees die. The day is extinguished in night. The song of that bird, which charms you, is growing feebler in the echo of the woods, it is no more. There is not even one of those gigantic rocks, whose mass seems to defy the ages, which will not crumble and little by little fall into dust. And within ourselves, how many things die!

The very act which we perform in one instant, has it not escaped from us in the next? How often would we not willingly have been able to seize it as it fled from us, to perform it over again better and more worthily. It has gone. Time, that mysterious image of life, what is it but a succession of instants of which one dies while the other is arriving. Our thoughts pass away, our resolutions vanish, our affections die one after another. Everything cries out to us: "I am going to die!" Everything dies within us and around us. What is there that is permanent and unchangeable in the world? And we, we consumed with the desires of eternal affections, it is to these things that must die, to which we attach our hearts. And this is not all. We, who must ourselves die, we attach ourselves to that world which we will have to leave. Let us suppose that everything outside of us were immortal, would it not be enough to know that we must die to prevent us from exposing ourselves to the heartrendings of an inevitable and ever-threatening separation?

Why, no! It is when death approaches, when our wrinkles deepen and our hair becomes white, when our body is stiff and exhausted, it is then that we cling, with a frenzied energy, just

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like a man who is drowning, to the vain loves of this earth! Whose fault is it, then, if it is hard for us to die?

An instinct of nature makes us look upon death with an equal terror. Our body and our soul, this is *ourselves* in this world : death, which separates these two, one from the other, appears to us then as a tearing asunder of our very selves. In fine, sickness, sorrow, the dread of agony, form a cortege from which our soul in terror shrinks.

The animal, like man, gives proof of that natural horror and the better tempered soul, the most saintly soul cannot always defend itself against it.

And what is wonderful in this? Death is a punishment! It is by sin that it entered into the world ; it is the wages of sin! Let us receive it as such, Christians, and recognizing that we are guilty, let us bow our head humbly before divine justice which strikes us.

It is the custom, when the priest assists at the bedside of a man in his agony, it is the custom to inspire him with the thought of the voluntary acceptance of death. What does that mean? To accept death when it is inevitable, when it is upon us, when nothing in the world can snatch us from its hands. Yes, Christians, to accept it with sweetness, with resignation, with a submissive heart, is an act of supreme expiation.

Ah! It is a grand and sublime thought, it is one of the most noble efforts to which the human will can extend: to prepare for our death, let us practice it from to-day on. Let us accept death in advance, let us acknowledge that we have deserved it. Let us imitate our Master, who, in submitting to it, offered expiation for us! Let neither fear nor agony be on our countenance. Scarcely is that sweet reproach given us, so to say, as an excuse in our lamentations and despair: "O my Father, why have you abandoned me?" Oh! what a Master! and how continually ought He be before our eyes to prepare us for death!

To very humble and simple souls God gives sometimes great courage in the hour of death. A woman of faith—not of that deep and well-reasoned faith which is the share of only a small number, but of that simple, ingenuous faith, which you find

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even among the little ones of the world—one of these women having suffered greatly during her life, felt her death sickness seize her: "See, it is my time," she said to her daughter, "do not leave me." She summoned the priest, made her confession, received holy communion and was anointed, then, when some one urged her still to have hope: "No, no!" she answered, "I have had my share of suffering, I am going now to rest in Paradise."

She herself made the arrangements for her obsequies, gave the order for her coffin, and disposed of everything with a calm and deliberate self possession. Then, one day, feeling a choking beginning in her throat, without emotion, without a tear: "My child," she said, "my agony is on me. Until we meet again, good bye!" And she died.

The Thirteenth Station.

JESUS IS TAKEN DOWN FROM THE CROSS, AND PLACED IN THE ARMS OF HIS MOTHER.

The hour of the Sabbath was at hand. The Jewish law forbade that the bodies of criminals should remain hanging on the cross during that holy day. The priests went then to ask Pilate to have the legs of the three who had been crucified, broken so as to hasten their death: they would take their bodies down afterwards. The order was given: the soldiers, with the blows of a crowbar broke the legs of the two thieves, but when they were ready to do the same to Jesus, they found that He was already dead, and they went away. One of them, somewhat uncertain, to remove all doubt, plunged his lance into the side of Jesus, and pierced His Heart: the body was fastened by the nails, and from the wound flowed blood and water. All this, before the eyes of Mary!

According to Jewish custom, the bodies of criminals were thrown in a common pit; they remained there, uncovered until all the flesh had disappeared. Then only was it granted to the relatives to carry away the bones and place them in the sepulchre of their family.

J[illegible]imathæa, a counsellor of the Sanhedrin, could

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not bear that this last outrage should be reserved for his Master. For some time previous, he had been a disciple of Jesus, but through fear of the Jews had concealed the fact. Before the Sanhedrin, he had not had sufficient courage openly to defend the innocent, but now his indignation burst forth and made him fearless. He went to Pilate, and boldly demanded of him the body of the victim. Pilate granted it to him, and Joseph returned to Calvary.

There, assisted by some disciples, who, once the crowd had disappeared, had dared to approach the dead body of their Master, he prepared to take Jesus down. The ladders were erected, the nails drawn out, and gently the sacred Body was lowered. At the foot of the cross, Mary seated herself and opened her arms, covered with blood, torn, livid and cold the body of her Son was placed upon the knees of the mother.

. . . .

O Mary, do you recall that day, when in the stable of Bethlehem, God gave Him to you, that Son, charming and beautiful, upon your knees, between your arms, smiling at your respectful caresses.. Behold what men have done to Him and how they give Him back to you !

"Oh, what floods of tears she shed ! In what a sea of grief was she immerged, that Virgin in sorrow, when she beheld, between her arms, taken down from the cross, her Son."

O quot undis lacrymarum
Quo dolore volvitur
Luctuosa, de cruento
Dum revulsum stipite,
Cernit ulnis incubantem
Virgo Mater Filium.

His gentle lips, His tender breast, His side, sweetest of all, His torn hands, His feet red with blood, all His body, she kisses amid her bitter tears.

Os suave, mite pectus
Et latus dulcissimum
Dexteramque vulneratam
Et sinistram sauciam
Et rubras cruore plantas
Ægra tingit lacrymis.

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A hundred times, a thousand times, she strains Him in her arms, her lips fastened to all His wounds,—sucking His wounds, the Church says—and all together, she melts away in the kisses of her sorrow.

Centiesque milliesque
Stringit arctis nexibus
Pectus illud et lacertos
Illa sugit vulnera,
Sicque tota colliquescit
In doloris osculis.(1)

I have been translating the hymn which the Church makes her priests sing on the day on which she celebrates the dolors of Mary! Certainly there is no mother who has seen one of her children die, who does not understand it.

Oh! when a mother sees her son die, she doubts, she doubts still. No! he is not dead. What, dead! my son! she gazes on him, a breath seems to her to pass from his lips, or a movement takes place over his countenance. But when, between her hands, she feels the little body grow cold, when all illusion vanishes, when she can no longer doubt, when she must at last cry out "he is dead. My child is dead!" who can tell the chords that break within her soul! And they cannot die!

Oh! If they could die! If they could follow their well-beloved into the tomb! But no, they must suffer, they must live, and they must go on, long years perhaps, carrying in their heart a void which will never fill! "Quia non sunt—Because they are not."

Unfortunate mothers, behold Mary! See if your grief is comparable to hers! When you weep for your dead, go to weep close beside her! She has suffered as you suffer, more than you; she will understand so well! She will know so well how to speak words which will comfort you and reanimate your courage! Go to her; she, like you, is a mother, and like you she has seen her Son die, her only Son!

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(1) Hymn of the first Vespers of the feast of our Lady of the Seven Dolors.

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And you all, whatsoever may be the sorrow which oppresses you, go to the Virgin. Ah! you suffer! Listen then what her life was:

A daughter of kings, she lived in poverty and obscurity until her sixteenth year. She was espoused then to a carpenter, she who was of the blood of David. God gave her a son—His own Son—it was in a stable, where the cattle sought shelter at night, that she brought Him forth into this world. Scarcely is He born, she must fly into Egypt to save Him from slaughter! After a long exile she returns and resumes with Joseph and Jesus her life of toil. Joseph dies, Jesus leaves her. He goes to preach to His people, and after three years, behold her Jesus dishonored, spat upon, calumniated, condemned, scourged, crucified, dead finally, in her arms! and now alone with John, with a stranger; she is going to finish her life! And ever since Bethlehem, all that future, that Judas, that Pilate, those Jews, those executioners, those whips, those thorns, that cross, those nails, that spittle and that blood, that dead Christ, cold and livid, during thirty years, day and night, without interruption, have floated, full of gloom, before her eyes, opened to the light of prophecy!

What are your sufferings by the side of this?

And she said: "Be it done unto me according as you wish, Lord!"

See her now, see her in the very hour when she holds in her arms her well-beloved Son. Do you hear her complain? Do you hear her murmur? Does she demand an account from God: "Why have you taken my child from me?" Does she complain of life? Does she appeal to death? Learn well, in that grand silence of Calvary. Nothing, nothing! a sound of tears which are falling and of sobs which she stifles. Oh, yes, for she is suffering!

Her heart is broken, crushed by sorrow; she suffers all that you suffer, you mothers who see your children die, but she fails not; she controls her grief; she does not let a cry escape her. She is resigned, and from her lips, which tremble, and from her soul, rent with anguish, issues ever that word which was the motto of her life: "Behold me, Lord. Do with me as you wish. I am your handmaid."

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How often have we not seen those whom we love die? How often do we not see those who love us die, before God summons us ourselves to die? He who has not passed beside the deathbed of a mother, of a friend, of a child; he who has not seen those beloved eyes shed their last tear, who has not seen those lips tremble, that breast heave, and then become quiet, motionless; he who has not touched his lips to that brow already cold knows not what it is to suffer!

And yet Mary was resigned. Where did she find that strength? Here is the source.

She knew that death is only a momentary separation, and that in heaven she would find again her son.

But do we, too, not know this? Do we not know, we too, that we shall find in heaven our mothers, our children, our friends, all our well-beloved who have died in the Lord? Yes, we shall find them again, we shall know them, and, under God's eye, reuniting the chain, broken for an instant, of all our holy affections, we shall love one another above, just as we loved here below, for ever and ever!

Before their tomb let us now learn, like Mary, to master our grief, and to say to God, in offering Him our bleeding hearts: "Thy will be done, Lord!"

(*To be continued.*)

ANNALS OF THE SHRINE.

Owing to the impossibility of having the new Shrine and statue ready for blessing earlier than August 24, no invitation was given to pastors to come to the Shrine before that day. As usual, however, many pilgrims, about 500, came to Auriesville for the feast of the Assumption, and took part in all the exercises, Mass, the Way of the Cross, Sermon in the Ravine, and Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament.

On Sunday, August 17, over 1600 came from St. Joseph's parish, Troy, and about that number from the Polish parish in Schenectady. On the regular train from the east came many from Albany, Schenectady and Amsterdam. Fully 1200 received Holy Communion, chiefly members of St. Joseph's parish, Troy. The two congregations made the Way of the Cross and

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the march to the Ravine separately. At Mass and in the Ravine Father Dezerewski preached in Polish to his congregation, and Father Wynne preached the sermon in English.

The entire body of pilgrims joined together in the chapel for Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament, and the sight of the multitude was very impressive.

Sunday, August 31, pilgrimages came to the Shrine from Fonda, Little Falls, Ilion and Utica, taking up a great number from almost every station on the route, and joined at Auriesville by the many pilgrims who had come from Albany, Amsterdam and other cities east of the shrine.

The two sections of the Little Falls' pilgrimage of about 800 each marched up the hill preceded by the band which is now so well known in Auriesville, and at the masses offered, as each section reach the open chapel the choir, accompanied by this band, sang very sweet hymns.

The pilgrims from Ilion also had a fine band of music, which played all the way up the hill and to the old shrine where Mass was said immediately, over 800 pilgrims kneeling about.

No sooner had the second section of the Little Falls' pilgrimage cleared the open chapel than the Utica pilgrims, 982 in number assembled in it for Mass and with them nearly 500 who had come in the regular train from the east. At this Mass there were about 600 communicants.

The Way of the Cross was made by the pilgrims from Little Falls and Ilion, the bands accompanying the *Stabat Mater*, and soon after them the Utica pilgrims followed in great numbers in spite of the mid-day heat.

During the lunch hour the bands played sacred airs near the porch back of the chapel, and rarely has a band had a more beautiful stage, or a more appreciative audience.

The march to the Ravine, about 2 P. M., was really the event of the day, the vast throng of people following the two bands of music to the grotto and gathering about the pulpit whilst the choir was singing a hymn in honor of the Blessed Virgin.

The Rev. James Conway, of St. Ignatius' Church, New York, preached the sermon, and after him the Right Reverend Monsignor Lynch, of St. John's Church, Utica, Father Quinn, of Ilion, and Father White, of Little Falls, addressed their parishioners united in this pilgrimage.

Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament was given by Father

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White for the pilgrims from Little Falls and Ilion, and later there was a procession of the Blessed Sacrament, Mgr. Lynch officiating. This closed the exercises of the day which was one of the great days in the annals of Auriesville, and the third time this month that nearly 5,000 persons gathered at the Shrine.

There is still another pilgrimage Sunday, and then the Shrine will be closed for this season, though Mass will be said Monday, September 29, the anniversary of the death of René Goupil, and Saturday, October 18, anniversary of Father Jogues.

This year will be a memorable one in the annals of Auriesville. The blessing of the new statue, the erection of the new Shrine, the votive offering of the Crown of Thorns in gold, and the pilgrimages larger, more enthusiastic, and, if possible, more pious than ever, prove that Heaven's blessing is on the place. When we reflect that all this was done without much effort, with little or no time to foresee what was necessary by way of preparation, we cannot but recognize a special intervention of Providence in our favor. Occupied about many things at a distance from Auriesville, we could not devote as much time and attention to it as we did in previous years, although the ceremony and pilgrimages of this year needed more preparation than those of any year before. We must thank and bless God for it all and renew our confidence in Our Lady of Sorrows, who is venerated at the Shrine, and in the intercession of the servants of God whose memory is honored there.

Invitations to the ceremony of August 24 were issued to all who have shown interest in Auriesville, as all of them, we were sure, would be pleased to be present in spirit if was not possible to be present in person. With the invitation was an appeal for help to meet the expenses of the Shrine to which many have already generously responded, and to which others will respond in time. Our friends know that we would not ask assistance unless it were needed, and they know also that that when we ask for it, we do not urge or constrain anyone to give, knowing, as we do, that all who can help us will do so willingly, according to their means. We need not remind those who contribute to the Shrine that they are remembered in the Masses said there by the fathers in charge, and in our prayers for our benefactors at other times of the year.

The new statue is beyond description. It is a sermon in marble. The figure of Christ in death, and of His Mother support-

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ing Him, makes a group which moves the heart quite as much as it captivates the eyes. Auriesville is fortunate in having such a statue, and the Shrine or position in which it is placed is quite in keeping with the work of art the statue is. To see the statue one must visit Auriesville. The crown we can show to those who wish to see it at our office, 27–29 West 16th street, and at the first opportunity we shall exhibit it to our friends in other cities who could not be present at the ceremony in Auriesville.

MISSION NOTES.

THE CARDINAL PREFECT OF THE PROPAGANDA.

To the Cardinal Prefect of the Congregation of the Propaganda (de Propaganda Fide—for the Propagation of the Faith) is confided the supreme direction of all the Catholic missions in the world. Cardinal Ledochowski's death was a surprise to no one, for he had been long ill; but the end came suddenly, nevertheless, by a stroke of paralysis. Of noble descent, Miecislas, Count Ledochowski, was born at Gorki, in Poland, on the 29th of October, 1822. His education was completed in the College of Nobles in Rome, where he was ordained priest in 1845. Through various positions, honorable and important, notably that of Delegate Apostolic to the South American Republics, he advanced to the post of Nuncio at Brussels in 1861, with the title of Archbishop of Thebes. In September, 1865, he was elected Archbishop of Gnesen and Posen, in Prussian Poland.

In 1874 the relentless persecution of the Kulturkampf broke out in Germany. The Archbishop was first fined for his noble fidelity to the Church, then imprisoned at Ostrowo, a little town near Prussian Siberia, because he refused, and rightly, to recognize the usurped jurisdiction of the courts of Posen in matters appertaining solely to the authority of the Catholic Church. As a reward for his courage and constancy, Pius IX sent him the Cardinal's crimson in his prison. After the Kulturkampf had been dropped by Germany, Pope Leo called Cardinal Ledochowski to Rome in January, 1892, and appointed him Prefect of the Propaganda. It was remarked that no better choice could have been made than that of this Confessor of the Faith for the supreme leadership of the heroic army of Catholic missionaries, whose lot it is to suffer, and often to die, for the great cause.

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Cardinal Ledochowski is succeeded by the Carmelite Cardinal, Jerome Maria Gotti. He was born at Genoa on the 29th of March, 1834. He has been Provincial and General of his Order, and internuncio in Brazil under the title of Archbishop of Petra. He was made Cardinal in November, 1895. Eloquent and literary, he is a great theologian and canonist, speaking French and Latin as his native Italian.

THE END OF A SCHISM.

The *Catholic Messenger* of Ceylon announces that the schism of the "Jacobites," or "Independent Catholics," in the diocese of Jaffna, has ceased to be. It began through some Portuguese who refused to obey the Concordat of 1887, by which Ceylon was withdrawn from the jurisdiction of the Archbishop of Goa. The leader, a priest named Alvares, had himself consecrated bishop by a schismatic prelate in southern India. Alvares, in his turn, ordained the notorious Vilatte. It is said, that at the present time, there scarcely remain a dozen schismatical families at Colombo.

This schism caused much evil, and especially great bitterness between its adherents and the Catholics. The healing of the wound is due, in no small part, to the prudence of Bishop Joulain (Oblate of Mary Immaculate). He summoned the leaders of the erring people, reasoned kindly with them, and finally assured them, that whether they returned or not, they would be ever dear to him. They soon began to grow weary of Alvares and the false priests he sent them. Notwithstanding the strong bonds of caste which united them, some of them came back to the fold. At the beginning of this year, their unworthy leader fell sick and went away to Colombo, where he died. Thereupon, the principal persons decided to write a collective note of submission to the Bishop of Jaffna. There was a triumphal arch erected at the first church he visited, in other places the people, at his approach, fell on their knees to receive his blessing; everywhere they were sympathetic. Two Protestant ministers endeavored to prevent the people's return to the church, but they were invited to leave. About 2000 persons have renewed their obedience to the Holy See.

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